

TOURISTS ARE COMING IN LARGE NUMBERS

This Winter—Palatka Will Extend a Smiling Welcome.

Beauties of the Wierd and Wonderful Oklawaha River Trip.

(By T. R. Higgins.)

Quite soon the tourist season, in the opinion of hotel men and railway and steamship operators to be our biggest and best, will soon be at its height. The great European war will have much to do with the increase in this traffic to Florida, for here lives will be perfectly safe from shot and shell and from Lusitania disasters.

The Gem City is destined to have more than her usual share, according to E. W. Elliott, secretary of the Board of Trade, who says that he is constantly receiving inquiries about our attractions and accommodations. So the Palatka smile, the smile of genuine welcome, will continue to radiate in the greeting of old friends and new friends, for we want these when they go away to look back with a yearning, and forward with anticipation, to the delightful days of winter spent in our hospitable city.

Probably very few of us give thought to the fact that the most enjoyable of all scenic river trips has a beginning here, and each succeeding season sees one or more boats added to the fleet conveying tourists over the bosom of that famous and most wonderful stream, the Oklawaha river.

Thousands of our people cross the ocean yearly to enjoy the balmy atmosphere of the world famed Riviera, and to the south of Italy for the beauty of the scenery and the salubrity of climate.

Many of these will this year for the first time take in this wonderful trip, the new world becoming cognizant of the fact that right here, within a few hours travel, of millions of our population, we have combined in one section of a state wilderness of jungle filled with nearly every variety of reptile, and with birds of gorgeous plumage; beauty of scenery rarely ever excelled, and a winter climate with clear, warm days, yet with an invigorating atmosphere unsurpassed by any winter resort.

No tourist can say that he has ever seen and enjoyed the real beauties of Florida unless he has fished or bathed in the crystal clear waters of Silver Springs, gone launch riding on Silver Springs Run, or taken the boat ride on the tortuous Oklawaha. Here Nature is at her very best throughout all seasons of the year. Nowhere else in the old or new world, not even in the Tropics, has she combined so much beauty and grandeur. To eliminate either one of these trio of wonders would be to destroy the fabric as a whole, yet either one in itself is worth spending much money and going miles and miles to behold.

Silver Springs is the outlet of a great underground river, but just where this river begins no one knows. The "Springs" proper is a circular basin several acres in extent, with effervescent water rising in an enormous flow from a depth of about eighty feet, forming so great a volume as to create a navigable river whose current flows from four to five miles an hour. Beautiful, entralling, it is so transparent that the smallest object can be seen at the bottom of its greatest depth. Drop a penny from a boat in midstream and one can behold it every foot of the way as it goes down and down in its erratic course.

Civilization has not robbed the "Springs" or the Run of their natural beauties, except here and there where some of the giant cypress, stately pines and odd palmettos, have been felled by the lumberman's ax to clear the way for navigation.

On the eastern boundary lies the Ocala National Forest Reserve of 210,000 acres a forest primeval. It is a mighty tract of cypress, pine, palmetto, oak and other trees. President Roosevelt set this reserve aside so that its beauty and grandeur, its fishing and hunting could be insured to the public for all time.

From the "Springs" down the Run to the river one is entranced, bewildered. Aside from the main spring there are four smaller "boils," and the bed of the stream is composed of

limerock and pure white sand, the latter glistening in the bright sunlight with an iridescence that is indescribable. Trout, pickerel, bream, catfish, gar and many other varieties of fish can be seen swimming about, their shiny sides glistening in the sunlight like the reflections from a mirror; and occasionally an alligator, a turtle, snake, or even a deer, swims along with head above the surface.

The Oklawaha is narrow and winds in and out, not unlike a corkscrew, in a most tantalizing and deceptive manner. It is overarched by huge trees festooned with wild vines and Spanish moss, as though draped by the hands of fairies for some festive occasion. The banks of the stream are a jungle, with underbrush even heavier than that of the great Dismal Swamp. The orchid and sweet-scented jessamine, the rhododendron and magnolia peep out occasionally through the semi-tropical growth and fill the air with a most delightful odor. Even the scent of the fragrant orange blossom is discernable, for here and there on the banks of this wild stream there have been located groves of Florida's famous citrus fruit trees.

The mind cannot conceive, nor words express the beauty, the grandeur, the strangeness of a night ride on this river of rivers. One of the boat lines has a huge fire box on the top of their craft into which is fed pine logs—heart pine—sending out a strange, wierd light that turns vegetation into variegated hues, and disturbing the birds in their sleep, causing them to flutter from tree to tree and cry out strange, shrill notes of surprise and fear; while the splashing of the waters indicate that even the reptiles are disturbed by the unusual glare. There is no other place in the country, perhaps in the whole world, where one in comparative comfort and safety experiences such wilderness of natural beauty and fantastic night scenes.

Away back in 1860 Col. Hart, a native of Vermont, discovered the value of the Oklawaha as a scenic trip for tourists, and began the operation of a boat line during the winter months, which boat line is continued by his heirs today. Formerly the best time made in covering this route of 120 odd miles from Palatka to Silver Springs (the latter by the way, now included in the corporate limits of the city of Ocala, another good tourist town) was a day and a half, but recently built boats make the run in the remarkable time of nine hours.

Famous old Orange Springs, in the holdings of the Florida Farms & Homes, Inc., lies about mid-way between Palatka and Silver Springs on the river, and this place too, is again becoming a Mecca for tourists as in the days just prior to and subsequent to the Civil War. This famous old health and pleasure resort was the best patronized of all those of Florida, and its sulphur spring is credited with exceptional medicinal properties. Let us extend to him the hand of real fellowship.

Keep on the Palatka smile, the fame of which is widespread.

Distress in the Stomach.

There are many people who have a distress in the stomach after meals. It is due to indigestion and easily remedied by taking one of Chamberlain's Tablets after meals. Mrs. Henry Padgham, Victor, N. Y., writes: "For some time I was troubled with headache and distress in my stomach after eating, also with constipation. About six months ago I began taking Chamberlain's Tablets. They regulate the action of my bowels and the headache and other annoyances ceased in a short time." Obtainable everywhere.

The Battle of Chalons.

There have been so many bloody battles it is perhaps impossible to say with absolute certainty which of them all was the bloodiest, but the balance of the evidence seems to be in favor of the battle of Chalons, France, fought A. D. 451 between the Huns, under Attila, and the Romans, Goths and Franks, under the command of Aetius, the most renowned captain of his day. At the head of his 300,000 savages Attila was having everything his own way, and it looked as if Aryan civilization was destined to fall before the Tartar despotism, when suddenly, like a bolt out of the blue, Aetius fell upon the barbaric hordes and Europe was saved. It is estimated that 400,000 of the barbarians were left dead on the field.

God Helps Those Who Help Themselves.

The man who trusts to luck to come out all right, comes out all wrong. The laws of Nature, unlike man-made laws, work unerringly and without exception, toward definite results. He who hopes or expects that he will, or may perhaps, escape the penalty of violated natural law and plans his conduct accordingly, is doomed to disastrous disappointment.

The State Board of Health receives frequent appeals from every part of the State, rehearsing physical ills. These complaints vary with the seasons of the year, as various illnesses thrive especially in the warmer or cooler months, but summer or winter, spring or autumn, come calls for help against hookworm.

For years the Board has fought this debilitating disease. Advice has been freely given and the simple remedy has been supplied free to those who could not pay the small cost. Sections and communities have been relieved from the scourge under the direction of the Board. A few months have passed, the disease has returned to the same communities and the good work has been undone, because prevention has been neglected.

Hookworm starts from what is commonly known as "ground tick." Through the skin of the feet the germ enters the body and reaches a certain stage of development in the digestive organs. There it multiplies and diverts to its own support the red corpuscles of the blood, depleting the strength of the victim. The loss of essential vigor is manifested in decreased physical energy and mental strength to the extent of diminishing bodily efficiency by fifty per cent or more, or of dulling the mind to practical stupidity.

Passing off with the evacuations of the body, the germs infect the soil. They are scattered to some extent by rains and by the tracking footsteps of animals and of man, and the infection spreads to larger area. From this infected area the germs begin anew the cycle of harm, by entering again the feet of new or of old sufferers.

The cure is a simple one, and the more serious part of the fight against the disease in Florida has been to discover those who are infected rather than to cure the disease when once it has been identified. Thymol and Epsom salts are the remedy uniformly effective, but the former chemical is dangerous in the hands of any but the skilled physician, inasmuch as the proper dose varies largely with the age and physical condition of the patient.

But more important to the community at large is the prevention of hookworm. No one is or can become immune to it. The sure preventive is shoes, for the hookworm germ cannot penetrate leather.

Of course, this cure is more or less a punishment for the average boy, for it robs him of his time-honored privilege and right to "go bare-foot." For the reason that the country boy more usually than his city cousin, does most of his traveling without shoes, the disease occurs mainly in rural districts.

A census to discover this infection in the rural schools was made some years ago, in a number of the counties of central Florida, with the result of discovering that nearly sixty per cent of the pupils of these schools were infected with hookworm. It is a matter not to be ignored in this state.

The Legislature of Florida, in 1915, enacted a law requiring county school authorities to provide ample toilet facilities for every rural school under their jurisdiction, and to have these safely and properly screened. No authority has yet decreed that every family outside the jurisdiction of city control and beyond the reach of ample water supply for flushing, shall provide itself with like safeguards. No authority has yet declared that every person, young or old, shall wear shoes and that "going barefoot" shall be a misdemeanor, but until such a regulation shall be enforced by a united public sentiment, hookworm will continue to deprive Florida youth of natural inherited mental and physical development to a corresponding loss of both moral and intellectual growth of the State.—State Board of Health Press Service.

ORKNEY ISLANDERS.

Proud of Their Norse Descent and Prefer Scenery to Trees.

Miss Ellnor Root, who has been visiting in the little known Orkney Islands, tells us that the natives are very proud of their Norse origin, indignantly repudiating the idea that their forebears were Scottish.

"People do not speak here with nearly so broad an accent as the people in Scotland," Miss Root remarked to her hostess, "and I notice the names do not sound Scotch—Cutt, Twatt, Flett, Cur-sitor, and so on. How is that?"

My hostess stiffened visibly. "They are not Scotch. We are not Scotch. We did not come from Scotland. Have ye never heard of the Norsemen from beyond the seas? We are the descendants of them. We are not of Scotch blood. Ye do not call the Irish English; ye're not to call us Scotch!"

"I beg your pardon," I returned humbly, and to change the subject plunged into the theme of afforestation. The venture was an unfortunate one, as trees refuse to grow in the islands. "Trees spoil the scenery," declared my hostess. "We would not have them if we could. If ye go to the southland ye cannot see anything of the scenery for the trees. We like to see scenery."

—Lindholm's Magazine

"You are charged with stealing chickens; do you want a lawyer?" "No, yer honah."

"Why not?" "If it please de co't, I'd like to keep dem chickens myself after havin' all de trouble er gettin' 'em."

All Ford cars will be painted yellow next year, so they can sell them in bunches, like bananas.

The Tampa Times and the Governor.

We are quite unable to understand the implacable hostility of the Tampa Times to Governor Trammell on any ground of legitimate newspaper objection to his public service or private character. The governor, being human is not infallible and, as is the case with all public men, at some time or other he says or does something open to criticism from some one's point of view, and the newspaper not friendly to the particular policy in question, is promptly heard from voicing its objection.

This is going on not only here, but in all the States, and is just as it should be, for it means the full, free and open criticism of public men and public questions and is the special and priceless prerogative of self-government. Without it ours would not be a free country in which the people rule. But when the criticism is fair and legitimate, the language employed to express it is temperate and the note of personal pique and malice is conspicuously absent.

It is not thus absent from the editorial expressions of the Tampa Times concerning Governor Trammell and his conduct of the office he holds; and because it is not, the conclusion is irresistible that behind the long and labored and frequent screeds of the Times attacking the governor there is some personal reason held back from the reader that is purely vindictive, and which, if revealed, would rob the attacks of all force in the minds of impartial, fair-minded people. We don't know that this is, actually true in the case of the Times, but we do know that such an inference can be fairly drawn and that the vicious and constant denunciation of Governor Trammell by that paper can hardly be explained on any other ground.

If this is not true why should so the simple and inoffensive act by the governor as issuing a proclamation designating a certain day as "Farmers Day" or "Sunday-school Rally Day"—hardly more than a part of the routine work of his office—arouse the wrath of the Times and provoke its acrid criticism and contemptuous sneers as though he had done something flagrantly wrong and was no longer worthy of the confidence and respect of his fellow citizens? We submit to the unprejudiced reader that the inference of personal dislike for some reason not disclosed is irresistible; and this being true the attacks of the Times fall short, for the people are not interested in a personal difference between an editor and a governor which the former declines to frankly state, and they will not discredit the governor nor think the less of him because of attacks animated by motives which do not touch his character as a faithful and capable public servant.

The Times objects to so much favorable publicity for the governor coming out of Tallahassee and intimates that it is manufactured to order, but we want to say right here that after many years of observation of many governors we have never known one who was less in the glare of self-sought publicity than Park Trammell, and who devotes himself to the duties of his office with less ostentation.

From the very nature of his position he is almost constantly in the limelight, and newspaper correspondents, always alert for anything that would interest their readers from the Governor of the State, hunt him up without solicitation on his part and quiz him for news or for some sort of story that would make good "copy." They do this with every governor of every State in the Union. It is a part of their profession, and they wouldn't be good newspaper men unless they did.

We read the State papers closely and we have seen in none of them any stream of adulation coming from the capital concerning Governor Trammell, nor have we discovered any evidence of undue itch on his part to "work" the press for favorable publicity. He would be a mighty poor governor and a mighty poor man if he didn't want the good opinion of the people who elected him to

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office, and the surest and quickest way they can be informed of the kind of governor he is making is through the press of Florida. Let it go distinctly to his credit that he wants the people of Florida to think well of him, and let it also go distinctly to his credit that he has at no time his credit outside the lines of official or personal propriety in seeking newspaper publicity for his conduct of his office.

But the Times is hoist by its own petard. Devoting half of its latest attack on Governor Trammell to describing how he is trying to improperly utilize the state papers to advertise himself, it then proceeds to denounce him for his "corrupt practices act" that by its own statement is "aimed principally at the newspapers of Florida." It will occur to the perspicacious reader that if the governor were the man pictured by the Times as incessantly seeking to boost himself by the aid of the state press he would have been the very last of men to father or endorse or in any way use his influence in behalf of a law imposing onerous or unfair restrictions upon the newspapers in their relations to candidates; and that, on the contrary, he would have been both fervent and aggressive in seeking to make himself solid with them by introducing or influencing legislation tending to protect them from any concern that they would have won their warm approval.

That he did not do so discredits the elaborate arguments of the Times and carries us right back to the hypothetical "nigger in the woodpile" which forces insistently upon the mind of the reader the conclusion that the Times is mistaking its personal pique or grudge against the governor for a valid ground of attack against him in his official relations to the people of Florida. And right there the Times and the people of Florida part company.—Lakeland Telegram.

A Bouquet From an Enemy.

There is no escaping the fact that Mr. Bryan is the idol of the Chattanooga circuit, and it is equally true that every bit of the success he has achieved therein he has earned many times over. I am not, never have been, and see no possibility of my ever becoming, a devotee of Mr. Bryan's political fortunes; but as a platform speaker he is far and away the most brilliant and likable personality in the public eye today. He is an expert in playing upon the emotions of an audience large or small—preferably large—as ever was Dudley Buck in the manipulation of the keys and stops of an organ, and he can at will strike chords in the human heart as rarely appealing as any produced by an Elman or a Kreisler on the violin, or a Paderewski at the piano.

The keynotes of his platform work are absolute sincerity and a magnetic humanness that are irresistible, and no individual who has ever listened to him in matters outside of political controversy, however reluctant to admit his greatness, has failed to fall beneath the winning spell of man, matter, and method. He is a good man, and has a greater number of points of contact with the general run of humanity than any other public speaker of today. It is a stimulating thing to know that in this line of human endeavor he has got his reward in the assured position he holds in a movement at which it is the fashion in some uninformed and cynical quarters to sneer, but which in point of fact has had a supremely awakening effect upon the American people, and for which we are all of us better off.

"All of which," as a friend of mine once put it after I had expressed myself in similar terms concerning Mr. Bryan, "is some tribute for a narrow-minded, hide-bound, bigoted, old stand-pat, reactionary, antediluvian republican to pay to a hated rival!"—John Kendrick Bangs.

Backing Him Out.

Sir Herbert Tree's wit is well known among his friends, and they tell some very good stories about his funny remarks at rehearsals.

Once during the rehearsal of a certain play Sir Herbert asked a very young and by no means brilliant actor who fancied himself greatly to "step back a little." The actor did so, and Tree went on rehearsing. A little later the famous manager repeated his request, and the youth obeyed again.

Shortly afterward Tree once more asked him to "step a little farther back."

"But if I do," complained the youthful one ruefully, "I shall be completely off the stage."

"Yes," answered Tree quietly, "that's right!"—London Globe.

CHRISTIANITY VS. WAR!

William J. Bryan.

It is possible to understand the warlike spirit of those who deny the divinity of Christ, and look upon His teachings as weakness, but how can professing followers of the meek and lowly Nazarene espouse the doctrines upon which war rests? Compare the boastful, brutal swagger of the militarist with the calm confidence of those who, taking Jesus at his word and trusting the truth of his teachings, rely upon love to conquer anger—upon good to overcome evil?

I recently heard of a case in point: Two friends fell out and one wrote a bitter letter announcing that friendly relations were at an end. A reply in the same spirit would have made them enemies for life. But instead of sending such a reply, the other answered: "My religion does not permit me to share your feelings; I prefer to remember you as I have known you in the past—as a friend." In a few days another letter passed from the first party to the second, and friendly relations were restored, proving anew that "a soft answer turneth away wrath."

This is the Christian way among friends. Why not apply it among nations? Is it more manly to thrust out the sword in anger than to extend the hand in friendship? If it is Christian-like to go upon the battlefield and care for the wounded, would it not be Christian-like to avoid the war and thus make relief unnecessary?

Is not this the day for which the ages have been waiting? For nineteen centuries the gospel of the Prince of Peace has been making its majestic march around the world, and the philosophy of the Sermon on the Mount has become more and more the rule of daily life. It only remains for it to be lifted from the level of individual relations and made real in the law of nations, and is not our nation the one best fitted to lead the way to the larger and the brighter day? Can it be that in the presence of this supreme opportunity the nation will give its endorsement to the policy of frenzied preparedness and devote its energies to getting ready for war? Will it put its trust in the weapons of physical force and commit itself to the fatal folly that has driven Europe into this unprecedented conflict? With an ocean rolling on either side, and a patriotic people able to resist any possible attack, surely we are in a position to test the power of truth and justice against the policy of force and violence. We can not afford to commit the nation's destiny into the hands of the professional soldier or the army contractor.



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